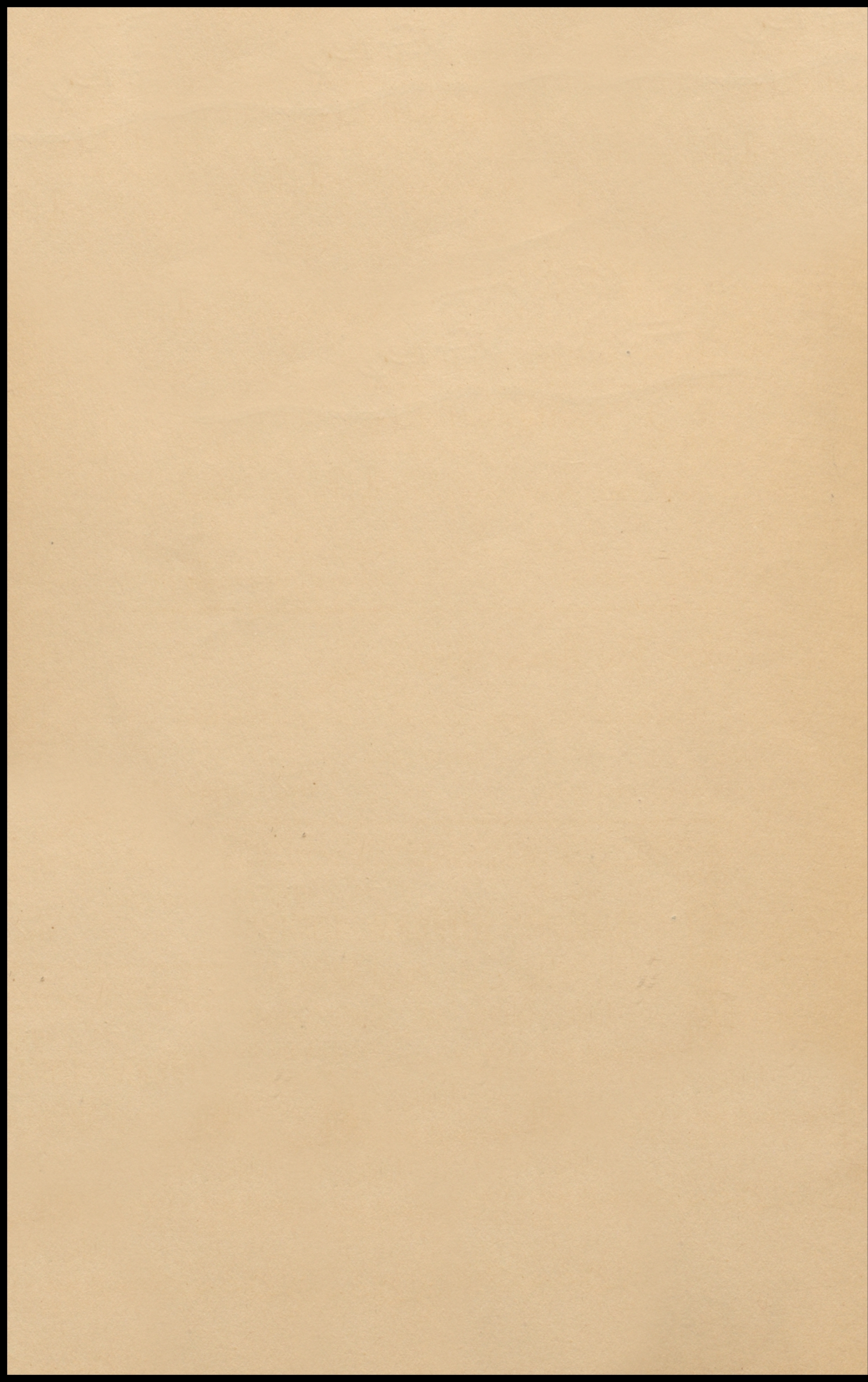




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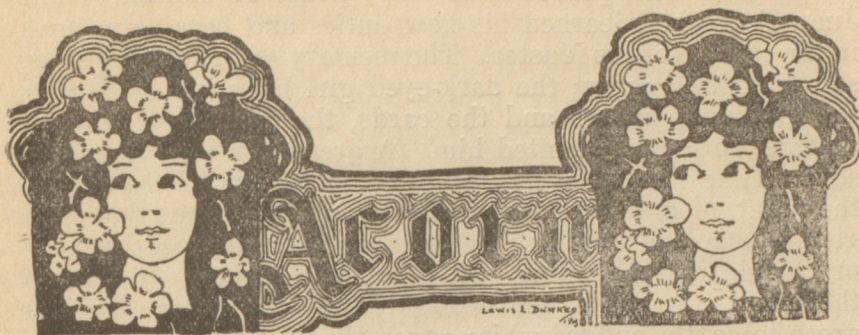
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THE LURE

I.

The gray of evening had fallen over the valley as Juan Pedro pulled rein at the crest of the hill and caught the first glimpse of his future home. The Americanos, caught by the wild lure of the gleaming yellow metal, had not come, no, nor would they come for forty years to disturb the peacefulness of that happy land. It was in the glorious golden age of California's youth; not half a century had passed since Junipero Serra had begun his long task for his king; and even now, in the year 1809, the bare whiteness of the walls of the Mission Santa Juanita betokened their recent raising.

Juan Pedro gazed down into the valley. Under the evening light the walls of the mission had grown gray and receding. The beaten white highway led past it and lost itself among the neighboring hills swung crescent-shaped from sea to sky. The ocean, crimson and gold, surged at the base of the long blue cliffs that marked its eastern shore. Soon would the sun dip into the western sea, and the stars would come, and night; and Juan Pedro doffed his sombrero devoutly at the power and the unseen presence of the Deity he had come to serve.

For a long time Juan Pedro gazed over the valley from the crest of the hill, and thought of the life to be in this peaceful land, and the other life forever gone. For Juan Pedro was poetic, even if he had killed a man at the cards and had come into this far wilderness to atone for it. The sun had set, and evening had deepened into night, before the silver bells in the mission tower chimed the hour for prayers and brought Juan Pedro from his reverie.

Thoughtful and subdued, yet strangely exultant at the feeling of peace in his heart, Juan Pedro chirruped to his horse and swung slowly into the valley.

II.

Months had passed—six long, peaceful months, while Juan Pedro had learned his new duties and became a monk in the service of his Master. The memory of the old days had slowly drifted away; the dark-eyed girl back in old Mexico, the gambling houses and the cards, the gamesters and the guitars, no longer haunted him. A great peace pervaded his soul. Time was when he would awake on his hard pallet in the night, moaning for the old times and the scenes that were gone—gone, and would never come again. But then the memory would rise up before his eyes like a specter—the lights, the music, the cards, the black-browed one across the little green table, the sudden white anger, the flash of a sword—and then himself a fugitive, riding over the roads, any way, anywhere that would take him away from that accursed spot, while all the time came dinning in his ears the voice of conscience—a murdered, a murderer, a murderer!

But such memories no longer came to Juan Pedro. A great peace had come over him. The padres of the mission, understanding his great secret, prayed for him every night and every morn, and the father of the mission himself had calmed him and taught him that however great the crime, his service in this mission would finally atone for it.

So Juan Pedro was a happy man. Every day he worked—never man worked harder. Every morning he would arise before the dawn, and sunset would find him still at his labors, contented and industrious. He learned to love the sea, and the hills, and the valley, and the simple children of the wilderness who came to the Mission Santa Juanita to learn of the things that he himself had learned.

And then, one April afternoon when the hills were green and the brooks running over and the flowers starting into life after the winter rains, Juan Pedro went out into the hills to bring home the sheep. Over the grassy slopes he tramped, glad that he was alive, yes, glad almost that he had done the Thing that had brought him here. For where else was there life like this? California in those early days was a wondrous place!

Juan Pedro rounded in the sheep and started homeward. He came to a stream, swelled by the spring floods and bursting its banks with its energy and its tumult. Juan Pedro picked up his sheep one by one and carried them across. It was a long, hard task—he waded waist high, breasting the current and stageering across with his burdens. At last, with the last sheep over, he threw himself on the grass to rest. For a while he lay there still; then, gradually opening his eyes and gazing casually at the ground, he suddenly arose bolt upright and stared. His hand went out—he broke a piece of the soft loam from the bank and crumbled it in his hand.

What was that that gleamed and showed yellow in its setting of black soil? It was gold! Gold! Juan Pedro dug his hands into the loam and tore it open. Yes, it was gold! The soil was filled with it! He jumped up and capered like a crazy man, laughing aloud and his eyes shining wildly. It was gold! Gold! Gold! The startled sheep stumbled wildly over the hills, followed by their shepherd capering and caroling with his hands full of black mud. For he had found what would take him back to Mexico a free man—back to the guitars and the gaming-houses and the dark-eyed girl, for he had found what would give him all these things—aye, and more! For it was gold! Gold! Gold!

III.

So over the miles that lay between him and the mission tramped Juan Pedro, following his sheep. And as he tramped, he laid his plans. First of all, he would return to the mission, remove the soil from his hands and pray. Then the next morning he would take the sheep to pasture, and the next and the next, until he had sifted enough gold from the mud to fill the pockets of his clothes, and the lining of his sombrero, and the bag he was to carry. Then, some evening when the monks had gone to their cells and all was quiet, he would steal out, saddle his horse, and ride until the next morning found him many miles away, with the distance growing steadily less between him and old Mexico. Once there, he would buy candles for the church and a mass, and then he would seek out the dark-eyed girl and lay the yellow dust at her feet.

So planned Juan Pedro, and so he made his preparations. The monks may have noticed his new moodiness; indeed, a whisper circulated that Brother Pedro was not as devout as he formerly had been. But for four long months he stuck to his post and silently, deftly gathered the yellow metal from the banks of the stream and planned what he would do in old Mexico.

And so it came to pass. One afternoon, heavy with the dust that he had secreted about him, Juan Pedro brought the sheep homeward and saw them to their fold. It was nearly evening. All the monks were at their labors, some at the vineyards, some in the chapel. Suddenly there came over him a desire to seize his horse and gallop away, away over the hills before his secret was discovered and his plans upset. He had gold enough—more than enough! Cautiously making his way to the end of the building that served as a stable, he brought forth his horse, saddled it, and leaped upon its back. Up over the highway he swung, up, up to the crest of the hills, with the Santa Juanita Valley farbelow. At the summit he drew rein, and gazed back. Ten months he had spent there—ten long, hard, peaceful months! And now he was going to leave. A

great sorrow came over him. The lure of the gold, the lure of the scenes in old Mexico seemed to grow less, while he sat on his horse and gazed back. It was evening—the flocks were in their folds—far down in the valley he could see the monks he had known and grown to love, working at their tasks, unsuspecting, unafraid. And he was going to leave them thus! For a long time he gazed, while the sun sank into the sea and the stars came out, and night settled over the valley. Then, borne on the evening breeze, came the silver chiming of the bells, calling them to prayers. With a sob Juan Pedro wheeled his horse and galloped downward into the valley. The monks had entered the chapel. He tiptoes softly in, bowed his head, and took his seat with them.

“MARS’ WILL’S FIRST SWEETHEART.”

I had stumbled across Uncle Shadrach one sunny afternoon when I had been exploring a certain path behind my hotel at Crossrock, North Carolina. Bent, wizened, shaking with palsy, his wool snow-white, living in the era which, to him, was the only one with “Ole Marsa” and “Ole Mis,” he certainly presented an interesting figure, and I spent several pleasant afternoons in his company. We soon became firm friends, and I found out that the old man had an inexhaustible store of reminiscent stories which he was only too pleased to relate when asked.

It happened that one afternoon he mentioned the name of “Marse Will.” “Who was Marse Will, Shadrach?” I asked.

“Lawd, marster! h’aint I never told yo’ ’bout Marse Will? He wuz my young marster down t’ the ole place, befo’ the war. He certainly wuz one o’ them . . . kinder . . . well, I sort o’ disremember what word yo’ want theah.”

“Tell me a story about Marse Will,” I said.

Lawd, marster; w’ its so long ago I’d a’most forgit all about it, ef I hadn’t been wid him ever sence he wuz born. I wuz older’n he wuz, jes’ de same ez he wuz whiter ’n me. Um—m. I disremember mos’ all the stories ’bout Marse Will, ’cept one. H’it wuz when he wuz jes’ growed up, an’ gettin’ mighty pertic’ler ’bout ’is clothes an’ girls an’ sech things. Well, Marse Will fust began to take notice o’ Miss Nancy ’bout this time (dat’s Cun’l Houston’s daughter, I’m talkin’ ’bout). She wuz mons’us purty jest then, an’ I don’t blame Marse Will fo’ likin’ her a bit—no, suh; not a bit.

“Well, ’bout dat time, de preacher in town wuz boun’ he’d hev things like what wuz in the city. Yes, suh. Well, he d’cided t’ have meetin’ on Sunday evenin’ jes’ befo’ sundown. Of co’s Miss Nancy wanted t’ go the first time, an’ Marse Will thought he mus’ go an’ get her home safe. Well, that evenin’ Marse Will called me up t’ his room and made

me help him into his bes' clothes. Yes, suh! I 'clar I didn' know Marse Will when I done got through. He was certainly han'some. Well, Marse Will got his haws' an' way he rode, jes' as pert's a little cock. But when he come back he wuz ridin' jes' as fast as he could an' he never said a word, jes' jumped off his haws' an' went into the house. I sort o' suspected somethin' ur other had happened, but I never said nothin', only took the haws' roun' t' the stable. I sut'n'y did wan' to fin' out what had happened. I wuz clar eaten up with cur'os'ty. Yes, suh! I wuz.

Well, I hung roun' town fur the next week an' 'bout'n five days I ran 'cross Cun'l Houston's Tom what tol' me 'bout it. Marse Will got theah late an' he couldn't get a seat with Miss Nancy, but he saw th't she'd one o' them nubys roun' her head, an' he thought when closin' time came, he'd meet 'er on the steps. 'T'wuz den, at dat time when he done made a m'stake. H'it wuz sort o' dark on the steps an' when Marse Will saw that nuby comin' he jes' walked up 's pert as you please, an' asked her ef he c'd 'scort her home. She said 'yes,' an' so they started off. Marse Will almos' walkin' off solid groun', he wuz filled up so full with happiness. Well, 'twan't so ve'y long arfter that she sort o' turned roun' an' said, 'Vell, an' who may you be?' Yes, suh! dem's her words. Well, Marse Will never said one thing; he jes' let go o' her arm an' ran an' ran, tel he came t' where his haws' wuz tied, an' he jes' galloped home as fas' as he could an' lef' her standin' theah. Of co'se, t'wuzent perlite o' Marse Will, but he wuz s' disappointed in mistakin' one o' them Dutch girls what was workin, for the parson, that his manners done lef' him.

"T wuzent ve'y long arfter befo' the whole town got the sto'y, an' then Marse Will shore wuz tried. Yes, suh! he wuz, an' he'd never arfter that go t' see Miss Nancy. No, suh! he shorely wouldn't. H'it jes cured him fine."

At this point the old man stopped and, seeing that the sun was low in the sky, I got up from the grass where I had been lying and bade him good-bye. But as I passed along the path toward my hotel I heard him chuckle softly and say: "He shorely wuz one o' them pert-like young gemmen."

C. BOWERS.



SURE WE DO

Of all my loves, and many there are,
American girls are best;
That lovely type, with nothing to mar,
Stands each and every test.

The little Dutch lass, with eyes of blue,
And cap and apron white,
How cute she looks with wooden shoe—
A quaint but comely sight.

Next the girl of Italian skies,
Winsome and full of grace;
With rosy cheeks and dark brown eyes—
A truly lovely face!

The charming girl from gay "Paree"—
So dainty and petite,
Is much admired o'er land and sea,
A joy for all to meet.

The Spanish maid then next appears,
With amorous ways and wiles—
Many a heart jumps when she nears,
All grateful for her smiles.

Now all these maids are very sweet,
Each in their own fair way;
But don't you think, of all you meet,
Americans hold sway?

THE TRIALS BEFORE TEST DAY

'Twas the night before Test Day,
And all through my brain
The Latin was surging—
I was nearly insane.

So I hung up the dish towel,
And raced to my den,
And thought Mr. Caesar
The worst of all men.

I snatched up my text-book,
Translations and all,
And when I got at them
I felt very small.

Minutes of the Executive Committee for the Fall Term of 1907.

August 9, 1907.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was called to order by President Troy, for the purpose of electing a staff for the **Acorn** for the fall term. President Troy said that the third edition of the **Acorn** for the preceding term would be completed about Monday the 26th. (The list of members of the **Acorn** staff may be found at the head of the editorial column.)

The Committees on School Activities are as follows:

Literary Activities—Miss Hohfield, Miss White, Miss Haworth.

Girls' Activities—Miss Sackett, Miss Schlageter, Miss Bradley.

Boys' Athletics—Ed. Macaulay, Russell McFarland, Spencer Brush.

Mr. Cogswell was elected to choose a committee on tennis and to act as chairman of same.

The election of girls' reporter to the **Acorn** was left over until next meeting. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

R. A. McFARLAND, Sec.

August 16, 1907.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was called to order by President Troy. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

Miss Emmons was elected girls' reporter for the **Acorn**.

Mr. Nicholson was appointed to take care of the boys' dressing-room, at a salary of \$10 per term.

It was moved and seconded that the girls give a candy sale for benefit of the football team.

Money was appropriated to buy a lock and three keys for the boys' dressing-room. The managers of the track and football teams were given permission to each have a key.

It was moved and seconded that all the minutes of the Executive Committee be published in the **Acorn**.

Ed. Macaulay was elected the representative from A. H. S. to the Academic Athletic League.

Mr. Butler spoke about the advisability of giving a minstrel show, and announced that Mr. Leland Ramsdell would donate his services as a coach. Mr. Butler was appointed to see Mr. Ramsdell and to arrange for a minstrel show.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

R. McFARLAND, Sec.

EDITORIAL.

Once upon a time, Somebody looked forth from our back window, and was struck with a brilliant idea. He said to himself, "Here's a big sandy lot, good for nothing except for filling our shoes with rocks—let's make use of it." Thereupon he set to work and got Everybody interested.

Everybody saw that his idea was a good one, and Everybody smiled and said, "Yes; let's have some tennis courts and things," but when Everybody was asked to reach his hand into his pants pocket and draw forth a coin, Everybody rebelled.

He said that he wanted to get something for his coin—the foolish boy did not know that he would surely get a whole tennis court for it.

Well, Somebody had another brilliant idea—he instigated a plot by which Everybody would pay forth his coin without knowing it. His plot was a Fancy Dress Ball. Everybody made candy, and cake, and things to sell at this ball, and then Everybody paid to get in. After this, Everybody bought all the candy and cake and things and danced with his girl. Well, when it was over, Everybody went home and Somebody had a pocketful of coins.

And Everybody never knew that he paid Somebody for the privilege of giving himself a Fancy Dress Ball.

As it turned out, Somebody was not a **Grafter**; and he went and ordered a tennis court, and it was delivered C. O. D. in our back yard.

Now Everybody wants a running track, for the track team to run races on; and your uncle thinks that it's time that somebody had another brilliant idea.

"Have you seen her?"

"No, but kerosene her, and I gas she hasn't benzine since."

Heard in the Boys' Dressing Room.

Eschen (examining football togs—Are these yours or the ones you want to sell?

In the Menagerie.

Mrs. Scrappy—If that lion should break loose who would you save first; the children or me?

Mr. Scrappy (without hesitation)—Me.—Ex.

The clock kept on striking—
I was not quite awake—
I heard "ius iurandum"
In each strike it did make.

It kept coming and going,
A-bobbing around,
But when I woke up
It was not to be found.

I searched for my Caesar,
Which was under my chair,
I wished that those words
Would take themselves there.

And I thought of tomorrow,
And wished I were dead,
With despair in my heart
I stumbled to bed.

E. M. W., '09.

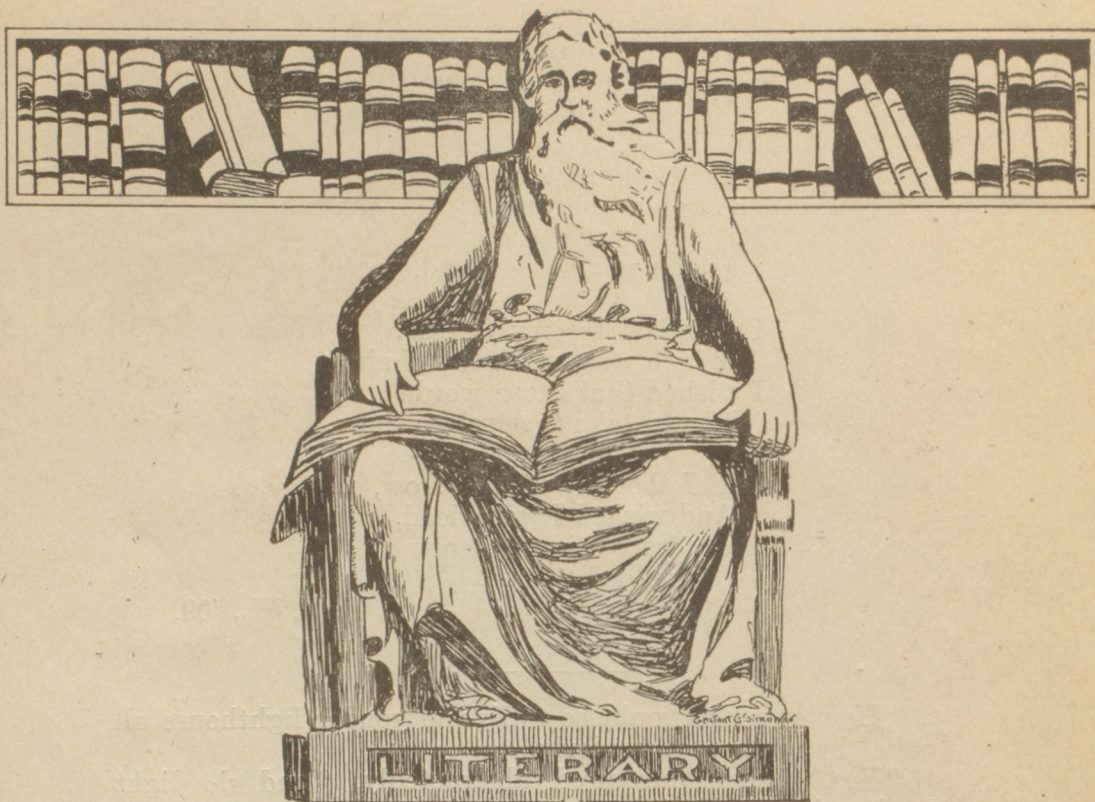
"How sweet it would be to live in yonder lighthouse all alone," he whispered tenderly.

"Yes," she murmured abstractedly, "and do light housekeeping."—Ex.



PUZZLE PICTURE:
FIND A 'SCRUB.'

Note—If anything funny happens in school write it down and put them in the josh box. Such contributions are sure to be appreciated.



ACORN STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief.....	Allan Beringer
Associate Editor.....	Neill Wilson
Manager.....	Theodore Searle
Assistant Manager.....	Henry Kassabaum
Exchanges.....	Miss A. Daisy
Joshes.....	Gene. Littleton
Stories.....	Miss Jane Cooper
Alumni Notes.....	Miss Charlotte Brush
Debating.....	Metcalf Simonson
Boys Reporter.....	Roger Henn
Girls Reporter.....	Miss Emmons
Boys Athletics.....	Ed. Macaulay
Girls Athletics.....	Miss Gertrude Brown
	Miss Mary Teller
Art Staff.....	Edwin Murray
	Chas. Medcraft
	Allan Beringer
Engraving Staff.....	Mr. Minium
	Metcalf Simonson



This term marks the return of debating in the Alameda High School. There was a time when Alameda High led the State high schools in debating. We held the Stanford cup, and one of our students was president of the debating league. With the help of the student body we hope to regain our old position.

A new debating society has been formed. Neill Wilson was elected president; Allan Beringer, secretary; and a committee to draw a constitution was appointed. The society is open to both boys and girls. Another meeting will be held soon and we hope to see a large number join.

C. Troy is now recognized as the supreme official president of the "Ancient Order of United Queeners."

Teacher—What is space?
Bright Pupil—I cannot tell at present, but I have it in my head.—Ex.

Dedicated to "Hero" Brush.
With the boys he was always a Mero,
With the girls a regular hero;
When it came to exam.
He was meek as a lamb,
For fear he might turn up a zero.



ALPHA SIGMA.

The Alpha Sigma have a very good outlook for the present term, having pledged Edna Hicock, Leslie Greig, Rita Burke and Marjorie Haight, which adds to the large membership of Eta Chapter.

SIGMA PHI UPSILON.

The numbers of Sigma Phi are steadily growing in the school. They have started the term in the right way by pledging three more fellows—Dexter, George Browning and Jack Rene.

ALPHA PI.

Alpha Pi begins the fall term with an unusually bright aspect. Although some of the older members have left there are still others to take their places. The first meeting of the term, held at the home of Helmut Hineck on August 17th, took the form of a reunion of the alumni and active members.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

On Monday, August 12th, the class of December '07 held the first meeting of the term, in which the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—Ted Searle; Vice-President, Jane Cooper; Treasurer, Miss Bradley.

Following this the staff for the Senior Acorn was elected, with Miss Jane Cooper as Editor and Ted Searle for Manager.

Miss Cooper has already shown her good work on the school paper, and it will certainly be a good thing for the coming Senior edition. Everyone knows the ability of Searle as a manager and the outlook for the paper is a bright one.

The Class of June '08 held a meeting for the election of officers. Those elected to the position are as follows:

President, Niel Wilson; Vice-President, Bessie Searle; Secretary, Allan Beringer; Treasurer, Stanley Beneman.

A meeting of the Class of December '08 was held for the purpose of organization, in which the following officers were elected:

President, Spencer Brush; Vice-President, Miss Lucy Staneford; Secretary, Miss Wynne Meredith.

The election of a Treasurer was left over to the next meeting, as a decision had to be rendered as to some article of the Constitution regarding the holding of this office.



“Favorite Sayings of a few of the Faculty”

Miss Vollmer—Look in the book once.

Miss Cohen—Now it's time you were quiet.

Mr. Gilbertson—Kues, leave the room.

Mr. Cogswell—Now, I don't expect more than three hours a day on your work.

Miss Haworth—See the point?

You'd not complain of the stuff in here,
Nor about the jokes we use,
If you'd compare the jokes we print
With those that we refuse.

Mr. Gilbertson (in S. A. Hist.)—Harvey thanked God that there were no schools.

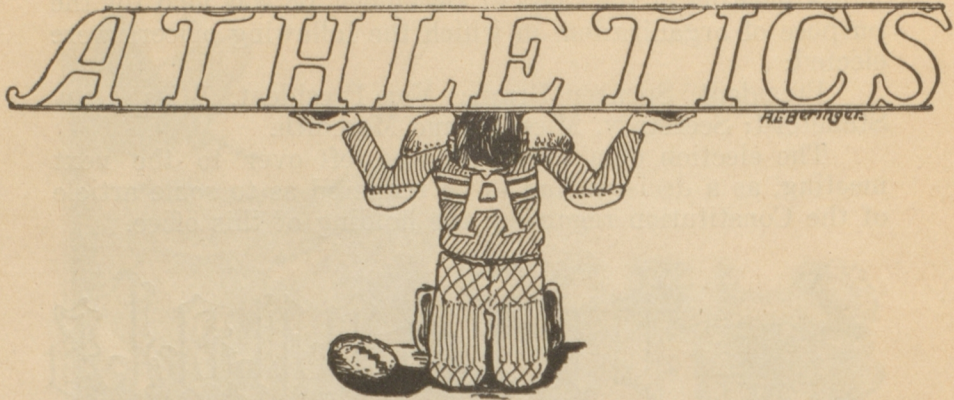
(Voice from rear)—Brother Gilbertson will now lead us in prayer.

NOTICE.

Ever since “Mac” has been elected captain of the football team he has adopted the following motto:

“It is better to bear and cheer up,
Than to tear up and beer up.”

This does not apply to Macauley.



Alameda High School starts out the season in athletics with bright prospects and a spirit among the fellows to do something that will reflect credit on the school. There is a great deal of good material in the school, both in football and track, and with proper training Alameda will be a strong competitor for the football championship, and will be well in front in the Bay Counties field day, which decides the championship in track among the schools of Central California.

FOOTBALL.

Almost all the members of last year's team are still in school, and there is enough promising material to fill the places of those who have left school. With the experience gained last season the team should be a great deal stronger and play better football than last year, and what it accomplished last season is not to be overlooked, as it was made up almost entirely of green material.

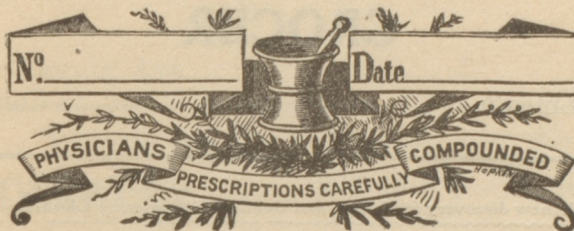
Preliminary practice has already been started by Captain MacFarland, and a squad, numbering twenty or more, has been turning out regularly. What is lacking more than anything else is a good punter, and if we expect to have a first-class team, one will have to be developed. The services of a good kicker are called upon more in a game under the new rules than in the old game, so if anyone has an ability to kick, but can do nothing else well, he should turn out, as he will be a valuable addition to the squad. An instance of the value of such a player was shown in the season of 1905. In the game between Los Angeles High and Berkeley High, for the championship of the State, Berkeley won on a place kick, scoring four points, the only ones made during the game. The player who made the kick was put in the game just because he could kick, but could do nothing else.

Manager Butler is at a loss as to where to find grounds to play on, but perhaps the baseball field will be plowed and used for a practice field.

TRACK.

On the track we still have Macauley, Perkins, Shattuck, Kasselbaum, Kues and a number of new aspirants for glory on the cinder path. In the afore mentioned athletes we can count pretty safely on at least seventeen points, and that is pretty good to start with. Perkins has been showing up well in the quarter and with a good start should place. Shattuck and Kasselbaum made an excellent showing in their initial field day, securing fourth place in their respective events against a classy field. Kues has shown his ability in track recently, and if he trains consistently should place in the X sprints on hurdles. There are two field days this fall, the B. C. L. and the A. A. L. The B. C. L., which is the main event in the fall, will probably be held at Stanford University on the fine new track.

E. M.



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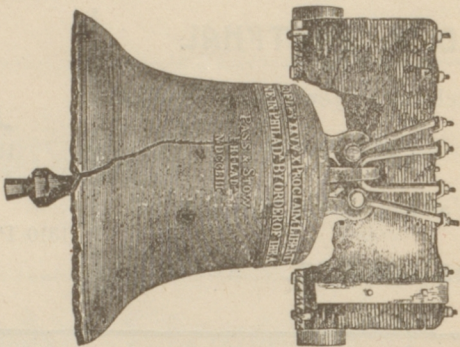
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